

The Farm.

OUR FRENCH LETTER.

French Agriculture--Government Exhibitions--The Sugar Beet.

PARIS, Jan. 28, 1882.

FRENCH AGRICULTURE.

Farmers have taken stock of 1881, and appear on the whole, not to be dissatisfied with the results. The price of wheat, which may be taken as the standard of profits, has been more advantageous, without affecting seriously the pockets of the consumers. The vintage has been better despite phylloxera and frost; the wine industry of the country is not compromised; new vineyards are coming into existence, and if proprietors cannot extirpate the phylloxera, they can at least protect themselves against its ravages. Live stock has left not a little to be desired; this is due to short supplies of food; the price for fat stock was high, but then the deficiency of fodder made it difficult to prepare cattle for the butcher.

GOVERNMENT EXHIBITIONS.

In the holding of the governmental agricultural shows, an improvement has been effected by admitting horses. The odd circumstance about the affair was, that so important an industry as horse breeding, and of paramount importance to France, should have been omitted. Even as matters stand, horses are not admitted to these contests even on a footing of relative equality with pigs. The resolution to award no more prizes to agricultural implements is questionable; old manufacturers are weighted with diplomas and medals, but this is no reason why new makers ought not to have their cakes and ale. Implement shows and trials are very common; so much the better for manufacturers and agriculture. Internal roads are much required in France; to remedy this defect, landed proprietors interested in opening up any district, are now provided with the necessary powers for doing so. The transport rates charged by railway companies are positively so high as to be next to prohibitive; they constitute one of the most serious obstacles to the progress of agriculture. To protect the beet sugar interest, so called free trade farmers demand that the duty of 20 francs per cwt. be maintained on colonial sugars, and the home tax reduced to 2½ francs per ton of beet delivered at the factory. Agriculture has been endowed with a special minister since over two months, but how long that business-like arrangement may be continued is uncertain.

THE SUGAR BEET.

In the north of France sugar beet is viewed by agriculturists as a cornucopia. It possesses the advantage of feeding stock cheaply under conditions where high farming is practised; the products from beet sugar, molasses, alcohol, repay in a great measure the expenses of production, while the pulp, varying in price from 10 to 12 francs per ton, following not so much quality as locality, feeds working bullocks, then fats them off, in addition to supporting sheep and cows. The value of the manure must not be omitted. In the department of the Nord 25 per cent. of the arable soil is under beet, which realizes on an average of 20 francs per ton. About 2½ tons of pulp are viewed as equal to one ton of ordinary hay. At Roye, Messrs. Pluquet & Frisard cultivate 1,500 acres of sugar beet, less 25 in meadow; the rotation is triennial; beet, wheat or rye, oats and clover. They employ 160 bullocks, 30 horses, and a steam plow. The sugar beet worked up during the season is 150 tons per day. This establishment was the first to employ the extraction of beet juice by the process of diffusion, now so general, and which has superseded the old method of pressing the pulp in sacks in hydraulic machines. The principle of diffusion reposes on osmosis and exosmosis, the same laws which regulate the flow of sap in plants. If on a glass of water a little wine be poured, and the air kept perfectly still, the wine being lighter will float, but in time will be found to have gradually become mixed, layer-like, in the water. Or, if a bladder containing a solution of sugar be hermetically fastened, and suspended, not a drop of the contents will escape. But if the bladder be placed in a vase of water, the solution will exude through the pores of the membrane, the water also passing inwards at the same time, rapidly. The liquids exchange places. This is the process of diffusion. The beet is cut up into little slices, placed in an iron cylinder, and hot water added, as the change thus provoked is more rapid. The cells of the beet act the role of the membrane of the bladder: they empty their sugar and salts into the water, when the solution is duly drained off, and the pulp taken out and pressed to obtain all the liquid. Under the ancient press method nine sacks more of sugar. The labor too is less. The pulps from the beet treated by the diffusion plan contains from 10 to 15 per cent more water, hence less esteemed by farmers, but then it costs 10 francs less per ton, and when mixed with cut fodder, linseed or cotton seed cake, fattens animals well in four months. Chemists allege that no great advantage is gained by having a pulp rich in sugar, for when the pulp is placed in the trench for conservation, the sugar becomes rapidly changed into alcohol and next into acetic acid. The scums from the defecation of the juice make excellent manure, being rich in nitrogen; as a top dressing for meadows it is invaluable, and in plow after a flax crop, is considered as an excellent preparation for stolen crops of turnips. On beet farms the ratio of stock kept is, 1C sheep or pigs, or one head of flock cattle, per 32 acres.

Fashions in Wheat.

The *Farmers' Advocate*, (London, Ont), says:

"A noteworthy change in the popular fashion in wheat has occurred within a few years. It is something more than a mere fashion, for the wheat now most in favor is really the strongest, heaviest and best. Formerly a very white grain with abundance of starch and little gluten was preferred; but since the introduction of the New Process system of flouring, the hard red wheats command considerably higher prices from millers. It is not merely that red wheat is preferred. It must be hard and glutinous. The Fultz is a red wheat, and at first millers thought it would make good flour. But they soon learned that underneath the red husk there was as large a proportion of starch as in any wheat, even larger than the Clawson, which is objectionable on this account. It does not matter how thin the skin or bran may be, the thinner the better, provided that between the bran and starch is a good layer of gluten, which is the nitrogenous strength giving portion of the grain as distinguished from the starch, which is only a form of carbon, and of comparatively little value."

"How to increase the proportion of gluten becomes a question of practical importance. That it can be done I have much confidence, provided we understand the conditions and take the right course. Years ago farmers learned how to improve their wheat according to the fashionable standard at that time. When Mediterranean wheat was first introduced, it was a long, thin, red berry, more like rye than wheat. It was especially recommended for sowing on low, moist grounds, similar, doubtless, to the soil on which it originated. But farmers on

An Ensilage Congress.

Over one hundred practical farmers assembled in New York City to discuss ensilage and its bearing upon farm economy, a short time ago. Nearly every one present was an enthusiast on the subject. Specimens of ensiled fodder, and butter made from it, and a large collection of feed cutters and other machinery used in preparation of the fodder were on exhibition. It is said, however, that none of the butter exhibited was really fine flavor and odor, but that that made from hay and corn meal would excel it. All but one sample was colored, this was lardy in appearance, but rather superior in flavor to the other. Ensilage was sent from Nebraska and Wisconsin, showing that western farmers are by no means behind their eastern friends in progressive agriculture.

Frances Morris, of Maryland, was elected to the chair. All topics considered were connected with ensilage, and various individuals gave their experience and the ensilage that is made in so called silos, is inferior. We quote:

"There are certain things or principles that must be observed in the preserving of green fodder by ensilage; principles must be observed, but details as to management and convenience may be changed to suit circumstances. To be successful, the silos must be air and water tight, and must be able to stand great pressure. Corn (maize) is the best and most economical fodder to ensilage. It must be cut fine, it must not be put in in wet (rainy weather), or it must be trodden down firmly and pressed or weighted heavily; the object being not only to prevent the air from getting in the silo, but to press the air already in the corn. The silo must be filled and weighted, or pressed in, a reasonably short time, to prevent fermentation. There has been a great deal published about silos and ensilage in this country of late; most of which is wrong and calculated to mislead. One great trouble seems to be that there is as yet no fixed 'standard of excellence.' He who claims that they have been successful, have never seen any ensilage that was successfully produced, and have no standards of perfect ensilage with which to compare their own production."

How to Tell What Corn Will Germinate.

The *Prairie Farmer* offers the following a test relative to the vitality of seed corn:

"The seed will be plump, bright, and without any wasted appearance in the 'skin' where the grains come together. If the grain is cut across, or if carefully peeled down, the 'chit' (germ) will show the same bright, fresh appearance. Such seed placed between folds of moist cloth or pressed into soil in a flower pot, covered with two inches of earth and kept moist at a temperature of 70 to 80 degrees, should germinate in three days. There is one point, however, to be remembered in the germination of seed; that is: The oiler the seed the slower it germinates, and also, as a rule, the less it will develop as a plant; yet the seed bearing qualities do not thereby seem to be injured. On the contrary, very often, the seed yield of a plant is diminished by a too luxuriant growth and a well known law."

"It is well known that the Indians had a crude but pretty sure way of saving seed corn. How was it? Husking it when ripe, hanging it up in the wigwam in the smoke of the fire, and just before winter burying it secure from moisture in the ground. A more civilized and better plan is to bury ripe and bright ears, select the best, then up them in a dry airy loft, secure from mice and other vermin."

O. B. Potter said he thought that red clover was in most respects the best crop for ensilage, because it settles in the most compact mass, and meets the principal requirements of the process, which is to exclude the air and retain the moisture. He believed that crops could be kept in the silos ten years as good as the day they were cut. He had raised sorghum three years and found it a better crop than corn. It would produce more milk and flesh to the acre, but would exhaust the land more. The following resolution was adopted at the close of the session:

Resolved, That it has become a well established fact by six years' successful use of this country, and the concurrent testimony of many intelligent farmers, that the ensilage system is of great advantage to the farming interest, as to all mankind.

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A Profitable Crop.

An Indiana farmer, says the Indiana Farmer, made a good thing out of a crop based on one-eighth of an acre of land. He raised 42 bushels of onion sets on that amount of territory, and sold them at \$6 per bushel. The Farmer says: "At this rate an acre of ground under the same cultivation would have returned over \$1,900. Onion sets are unusually high this year, but they seldom fail to bring \$4 per bushel, and at this rate the same yield would sell for over \$1,300. Estimating the cost of seed, cultivation, gathering, marketing, rent of land, etc., at the liberal sum of \$300, we have \$1,000 left as the clear profit of an acre in onion sets. This seems fabulous, but Mr. Harrell says it can be done. Mr. H. says he also raised onions at the rate of 600 bushels to the acre last year. As these seldom sell less than \$1 per bushel the crop pays well for the labor expended upon it."

FAIRMERS are often at a loss how to clean an old pork barrel, making it fresh and sweet. We have seen the following plan recommended: It is simply to fill the tainted cask or barrel with fresh earth; let it stand a couple of days, when this should be emptied and more earth put in. After two or three days empty this out, and to make assurance doubly sure, invert the barrel and burn under it some bits of cloth saturated with solutions of sulphur or brimstone.

MICHIGAN leads all the States in the production of lumber, copper, salt and iron, has the largest single copper and iron mines in the world, is the chief fruit growing State of the Northwest, and has the largest fresh water fisheries of any, and ranks fourth in the Union in the production of wheat and wool? Why should the young men of such a State wish to "go West?"

A SUBSCRIBER at Paw Paw wants to find out some way of stopping gophers from digging up young corn when two or three inches high, and eating the partly decayed kernel. He says he has tried scattering poisoned corn in the field, but they seemed to prefer that which had sprouted.

Agricultural Items.

A NEW JERSEY farmer reports that a dressing of eight bushels per acre of salt to land badly infested with white grubs, enabled him to raise good crops of corn for three years past, which was impossible previous to this application.

THE UNITED STATES is, so to speak, the pig pen and pork barrel of the world; of the 80,000,000 swine in the civilized world, 34,000,000 are to be found in America. During the year ending June 30, 1880, we sent abroad \$84,000,000 worth of pork, lard and bacon.

dry, gravelly and sandy uplands soon learned that on their soil thin red Mediterranean become a good wheat, and comparatively white and plump. Those who were on low lands got seed wheat from those who grew Mediterranean on sandy or gravelly uplands. We found, however, that as the wheat became more white, it was less vigorous and productive. What is wanted now that red wheats are in demand again, is to reverse this process, soliciting seed from wheat grown on low lands, and especially specimens that have an abundance of gluten. These will be generally the hard heavy wheats, starch being somewhat lighter than gluten; the grain containing most of the latter will weigh most per bushel."

Secret of Success with Ensilage.

A Massachusetts farmer writes to the New England Farmer that he has visited a successful silo. He says much of the ensilage that is made in so called silos, is inferior. We quote:

"There are certain things or principles that must be observed in the preserving of green fodder by ensilage; principles must be observed, but details as to management and convenience may be changed to suit circumstances. To be successful, the silos must be air and water tight, and must be able to stand great pressure. Corn (maize) is the best and most economical fodder to ensilage. It must be cut fine, it must not be put in in wet (rainy weather), or it must be trodden down firmly and pressed or weighted heavily; the object being not only to prevent the air from getting in the silo, but to press the air already in the corn. The silo must be filled and weighted, or pressed in, a reasonably short time, to prevent fermentation. There has been a great deal published about silos and ensilage in this country of late; most of which is wrong and calculated to mislead. One great trouble seems to be that there is as yet no fixed 'standard of excellence.'

"He who claims that they have been successful, have never seen any ensilage that was successfully produced, and have no standards of perfect ensilage with which to compare their own production."

C. W. Wolcott, of Massachusetts, has a farm of 500 acres; keeps 80 cows, and sells in Boston 420 lbs. of butter weekly, at 65¢ per pound, besides sending to market large quantities of vegetables and pork.

Rye and corn are the principal crops ensiled, and then two crops are produced from the same ground in the same year, the rye being sown on the corn stubble, and the corn planted on the rye stubble.

The rye is cut in June and the corn planted the same day; as the corn was cut and at once hauled off on wagons, the plow went to work and rye was sown, with no loss of time. The rye yielded 9 tons per acre of green fodder, being cut before the grain was formed. The corn yielded from 11 to 20 tons of fodder, green weight, and the whole yield from one acre was sufficient to keep one cow during 24 months with the usual allowance of grain fed addled. About one ton per cow is consumed monthly. He calculated that his crop cost \$2.55 per ton, including the cost of manure, labor and everything else. He had two ensilage pits, 50 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 21 feet deep, and had not been able to fill them.

W. B. Eager, of Nebraska, found his silage cost him 92¢ per ton as it stood in the silos.

O. B. Potter said that the ensilage should be cut out and left lying exposed about a day while feeding. He had his silos built so that his stable was lower than the silo, and the food was easily taken out. He had aimed to fill his silos quickly, exclude the air, keep the crop at even temperature, and mix the crops as well as he could.

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Horticultural.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE AT SOUTH HAVEN.

We may be justified in again referring to our remarks published in the FARMER of the 14th inst, respecting the strawberry grown at South Haven as the

JUCUNDA.

There may, perchance, be two varieties grown here under this name. The only one, however, with which we are acquainted here under this name is one that came here some years since from Purdy & Hance, known as the Col. Cheney, but which proved not to be that variety. It was supposed by certain growers here to be Jucunda, and therefore took that name and has to a considerable extent been disseminated as that variety, it being of similar season and appearance. That this is the variety intended in the recent discussion of the South Haven Society seems to us the more likely, since it was characterized as too soft, while on the other hand the genuine Jucunda of Knox, is so firm that it was shipped from Pittsburg, Pa., to Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and even to New York, in perfect condition, commanding extraordinary prices at these points, on account of its large size and perfect condition, even after these long transits, with the facilities of thirty years ago.

In fact, this is the first time we recollect to have heard the genuine Jucunda charged with lack of firmness, although it may, perhaps, be really open to the charge of want of flavor.

THE MARVIN

strawberry was named by one of the speakers at the meeting of the society on the 13th inst as one of the best four varieties for market, in his estimation, and in view of the short trial he must necessarily have given it since its introduction to the public in the spring of 1870, we may be excusable if we regard such selection for extensive planting for market as indicating an tendency to decide quite too hastily. We remark thus without any purpose to disparage the variety, which although it is said often to fall under the sun, promises much as a very late market fruit. We would not, however, yet dare to give it an assured place, even as fourth, in a list for market planting.

SHARPLESS

is also named by the same speaker as the third variety in his list of four kinds. We regard this selection as being of a piece with his choice of the Marvin—premature. We think it clear, from our own experience as well as from general report, that in spite of its large size, fair quality and fine appearance, together with the great vigor of the plant, it is by no means likely to prove productive enough for profit, relatively, under high culture in hills, or its equivalent—very narrow rows. We cannot forget, moreover, that the man who chooses this in so doing ignores the dominant idea of these growers, that the firmness of the Wilson is a well nigh indispensable quality of a market fruit, since the Sharpless is decidedly lacking in this particular.

BIDWELL.

This new candidate for public favor was also considerably discussed at this meeting. We repeat the fact heretofore noticed, that the conclusions of these speakers respecting this variety, are doubtless based upon the results of the usual practice here—that of growing all varieties in broad, matted rows. We have grown the Bidwell here in considerable quantity, and probably for a longer period than any other person now here. Our trial of it has occurred under the least favorable circumstances; wholly on light sandy soil, and the plantation managed in broad rows for the production of plants rather than fruit. Even under these unfavorable circumstances it has far surpassed the Wilson in productiveness, surpassing it also in quality and beauty, while it is abundantly firm—very nearly as much so, in fact, as the Wilson.

The statement of one of the speakers that the characterization of this berry in an Ohio catalogue, "as a bright, scarlet berry, larger than the Sharpless, yielding more than the Wilson, with a very fine flavor," all of which is false except the flavor," is wholly unwarrantable from either our experience or observation, so far as the final remark is concerned. In our experience of some five years with this variety, we have never been troubled with the alleged failure to retain the calyx.

The fling of one of the speakers at E. P. Roe, as the originator of the published cuts of this berry, can appearly have but one purpose—to afford warrant for the inference that the cut is an exaggeration: in reply to this we will only say that, so far as size is concerned, the cut is quite within the truth, while it gives the form very correctly.

We are conscious that there is reason to conclude that Mr. Roe is a good cultivator, and that probably his results may be superior to those of average growers here; and it must not be forgotten that he is reinforced by the concurrent opinions of dozens of other cultivators, of known reputation as such. He also called together, at his own place, during the fruiting of this variety, a large number of such men as J. J. Thomas, Chas. Downing, and a very considerable number of leading, rival cultivators, and editors of horticultural publications; who have given the clearest testimony to the merits of this berry, as they then and there saw it; not on a few plants merely, but in plantations of considerable extent, grown along side of numerous others; thus affording the best possible opportunity for arriving at safe conclusions.

We admit that the name of this variety is an outrage upon the real originator, and in some sense even upon the public; but we can scarcely suspect that this fact can influence the society's conclusions respecting it, when we recollect that this name was imposed by vote of the society, in the face of the fact, that only a few weeks or possibly months previous, at the session of the State Pomological Society held here, its reputed paternity

had been questioned and its actual originator named.

We may be allowed to justify our statements of the status of the discussions referred to, by adding the fact that at least one of the speakers, who will have none but the Wilson and the Doolittle, has, if we mistake not, never tried the more recent raspberries, the Gregg and Cuthbert, but persists in avowing his preference for the Philadelphia, so long since condemned and laid aside.

T. T. LYON.

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Reported for the Michigan Farmer.

On account of the stormy evening but few were present, and the President being absent, Henry King was elected chairman pro tem. The question for discussion was the planting and cultivation of grapes.

The President called on Mr. Bixby, who having just returned from California, was supposed to be able to instruct the Society in that branch of pomology. Mr. B. then proceeded to say that he had gathered some new ideas in regard to grapes while in California. The larger part of grapes raised in California are sold to the wine makers for about one cent per pound, and paid about \$150 per acre. He thought we could raise about half as much to the acre as they could, and even Concords had never brought less than two and a half cents per pound. Therefore it was evident we could make it a profitable business. If we would show much interest in grape growing as we do in the cultivation of flowers, it would prove a paying business. Our vineyards are too small; if we planted on a larger scale we could cultivate to better advantage. Our trellises or stakes cost more than their system of training. The varieties which are mostly cultivated in California do not make so rampant a growth as do they. We could raise only four or five feet, and are stout and stout so that they stand up without stake or trellis, like a shrub or small tree. They are cut back to one or two eyes every year, and assume the shape of an umbrella. They are generally planted eight feet apart each way, and cultivated both ways with a horse, which saves much hoeing. Phylloxera of both root and vine is very common, which is a serious drawback on the business. In some instances it has been overcome by very heavy manuring. They have a very strict law against planting any vines or cuttings without being first disinfected in a solution of one pound of carbolic acid crystals to twenty gallons of water. Everything is done on a large scale there; vineyards of fifty and one hundred acres are quite common, and some of two and three hundred acres. They take more pains in packing their fruit than we do; each pear or apple is carefully wrapped in a separate piece of paper, and grapes for shipment are packed in fifteen pound boxes. Very few grapes are shipped, they are mostly made into wine and raisins. We cannot compete with them in the raising of pears, for they are a sure and bountiful crop every year, and no blight to contend with. But our peaches are more profitable than theirs, or even their pears. Prunes are raised there in great abundance and dried for the eastern market. It is in the San Jose country fruit is dried in the open air in one or two days, and is nearly equal to the evaporated in looks and quality. Apricots are very profitable, as they are not troubled with curculio. They are nearly all sold in the eastern market, canned. The Muscat of Alexandria is the grape most cultivated for raisins, and the Mission and Zinfandel are the most profitable wine grapes.

D. C. Hallock had only raised a few grapes in his garden. He could raise a bushel of Concord as easy as a peck of any other kind he had yet grown. His garden is on a side hill and is terraced. The soil is a hard clay but naturally drained. His grapes had been productive and paid well for the care they had had.

A. S. Dyckman expected to set some

decaying wood under a microscope. Each thread is a string of living cells. Examine them further and these are seen to be true plant cells, of a degraded type. These threads, then, are plants.

But it will be said that plants are green, while these are white. It is true that most plants are green. All that gain their livelihood in a honest way, by working for it, are green in color, but among plants, as among men again, there are dishonest ones, thieves and robbers of the dead, who bear their marks of wickedness upon their bodies. It is a fact that all those plants that live at the expense of others, whether living or dead, are of a white or pale color, and are never green in appearance. Now it is a law of the world that the thing, whether plant or animal, man himself included, which lives without work, which lives at the expense of some other, which is in fact a parasite, the law, we say, is that that thing, because of its bad habits, becomes degraded. There are no exceptions to this rule. The man who lives at the expense of others, is made under the same iron law as the louse and the mite which prey upon animals, or the fungus which steals its food from the body of some higher plant, and the certain degradation of the latter is no more inevitable than is that of the former. Now all this applies to our white threads in rotten wood. They are low plants which absorb their nourishment from the wood. This habit has doubtless brought upon them much of degraded structure, depriving them of the appearance of plants.

Let it be understood, then, that the essential part of the difficulty in the case of rotting wood is a plant which grows and thrives by taking nourishment from the wood. Let it be remembered also that this plant produces little spores (which answer to seeds), countless millions of them, and that wherever one of them falls a new plant may spring up. Let it be borne in mind also, that these spores will not grow upon tarry wood, that they do not like white-washed wood, and that creosote, blue vitriol, copperas and many other substances are sure death to them.

If we bear all these things in mind we can readily plan practicable ways of heading off those troublesome little

down the leaves in the fall, I prune the vines back to three buds of the summer's growth, except such arms as I wish to retain. I then peg the vines as close to the ground as it will do with crooked sticks, being sure to bend the vines the same way every season. In this way vines fifteen years old will bend readily, so that later in the fall, just before winter sets in, the vines are easily protected by marsh hay or half rotten straw. This covering I leave around the roots in summer as a mulch for the vines, as I think to much advantage, especially in dry seasons. I am now experimenting with some of the newer kinds of grape varieties, and with some of the foreign grapes under glass.

"I have also good success raising peaches in a similar manner. Last season, after the hard winter of 1881, the mercury going down to thirty-six degrees below zero, I had as fine peaches as I ever saw in the Chicago market, ripe by the first of August. I set out one year old trees from the bud, and in the fall before the ground freezes up I dig on one side of the tree, cutting some of the roots, and taking out some of the dirt from under the body of the tree, so that it will bend down to the ground. Then I peg it down, cover the roots well with dirt, and then the whole tree with a good covering of straw, or marsh hay, replacing it in the spring in its proper position, after the danger of frost is over. I have trees treated in this manner twelve feet high that bear a good crop every year. My soil is a sandy loam."

The Rotting of Timber.

It is astonishing to see with what rapidity timber decays in Iowa. You lay down a walk, and count upon its being serviceable for the next dozen years, but to your chagrin you find that in three or four years a good many planks are so rotten as to break through, and in two or three years more the sleepers are so soft as not to hold spikes any longer. You build a house and in a few years' time you find the joists of the ground floor showing signs of weakness. They, too

are rotting.

Fence posts, stakes, the sills and posts of sheds and out barns, all rot in an exceedingly short time, and have to be replaced at much expense and no small amount of trouble.

Now what is this decay of wood

which gives us so much trouble? The first thing to do in case of any disease is to find out what it is, that is, as the doctors express it, we must diagnose the case, and then perhaps we may be able to find out some way to cure it, or better still, to prevent it.

It is carefully examined any decaying wood we find a lot of white threads looking like a mass of spider webs. The wood itself is soft, often moist, and generally of a darker color than healthy wood. These, then, are the appearances. Where is the cause? Can it be that those innocent looking white threads have anything to do with the decay of the wood? I am sorry to say that here, as is often the case elsewhere, good looks count for very little, and that their innocent appearance is a hypocritical one. These fair, sleek, clean-looking white threads, are like certain fair, sleek, clean-looking men who are at last found to be swindling insurance officers, or embezzling savings bank

officials, or the like.

Put some of our villainous threads under a microscope. Each thread is a string of living cells. Examine them further and these are seen to be true plant cells, of a degraded type. These threads, then, are plants.

But it will be said that plants are green, while these are white. It is true that most plants are green. All that gain their livelihood in a honest way, by working for it, are green in color, but among plants, as among men again, there are dishonest ones, thieves and robbers of the dead, who bear their marks of wickedness upon their bodies.

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MICHIGAN FARMER

AND
State Journal of Agriculture.

Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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The Michigan Farmer

AND
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1882

Mr. P. W. RYAN is the authorized subscription agent of the MICHIGAN FARMER, and parties can pay money to him at our risk.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 27,494 bu, while the shipments were 15,035 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Feb. 18 was 17,800,544 bu, against 26,403,003 bu at the corresponding date in 1881. This shows an increase in the amount in sight the previous week of 333,679 bu. The deliveries at seaboard ports for the week were 588,854 bu, against 602,877 bu the previous week, and 762,670 bu the corresponding week in 1881. The export clearances for Europe for the week were 863,764 bu, against 402,832 bu the previous week, and for the last eight weeks 4,694,498 bu, against 9,930,730 bu for the corresponding eight weeks last year. The stocks of wheat in this city on Saturday last footed up 789,930 bu, against 1,143,888 bu at the same date in 1881.

The tendency in the wheat market the past week has been steadily downward, and apparently the bottom has not yet been reached. Starting on Monday of last week at \$1 26 1/2 for No. 1 white, there was a slight advance on Tuesday, when the same grade closed at \$1 27 1/2, and then a steady drop from day to day until Saturday, when No. 1 closed at \$1 25.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from February 1st to February 27:

	White	No. 1	No. 2	No. 2	Ired.
Feb. 1	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
3	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
4	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
5	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
6	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
7	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
8	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
9	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
10	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
11	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
12	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
13	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
14	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
15	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
16	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
17	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
18	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
19	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
20	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
21	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
22	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
23	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
24	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
25	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
26	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
27	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2

Futures have taken up most of the attention of dealers the past week, spot wheat being neglected. The decline in futures during the week was from 3 to 3 1/2¢ on the various deals, except August, on which the decline was only 1¢. There was not as much speculative trading by outsiders as has been the case for some months, and the members of the Board are mostly engaged in a scalping business at present.

The following statement shows the prices of futures yesterday, as compared with the same day of last week:

	Feb. 20	Feb. 27
March	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
April	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
May	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
June	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
July	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
August	0 00	0 00

The outlook is not favorable for better prices in the near future, and the seasonable snow storm of last week which preceded the cold snap caused the market to become weaker. Everything seems to portend an early spring, the lakes being clear of ice and the weather mild as far north as Mackinaw. The wheat fields show patches of yellow here and there, but a rule appear very thirsty.

The situation in Europe appears to be about the same as on this side of the Atlantic, the weather being so favorable and the crops so forward in their growth as to weaken the markets, and this has been rendered more so in the English markets by the farmers there largely increasing their deliveries.

In France the weather has been favorable, and fall sown wheat looks well. Reports from India announce that the crop there this season is expected to be larger than the last, which was far beyond anything ever known before. In Great Britain the season has been an exceptionally favorable one, and farmers have made considerable advance in their spring work.

In Southern Russia the stocks of grain are increasing and a large movement is looked for the Baltic ports also this spring. Taking reports from all the wheat growing countries as a whole we have never known them to be so generally favorable as at present.

The following table will show the prices of wheat and flour in the Liverpool market on Saturday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Feb. 25	Feb. 18
Flour, extra State	145 0 0 d	140 0 0 d
Wheat, No. 1 Michigan	129 1/2 0 0 d	129 1/2 0 0 d
No. 2 spring	108 0 0 d	108 0 0 d
do winter new, Western	108 0 0 d	118 0 0 d
Dorn, naked new	58 1/2 0 0 d	68 0 0 d

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn here the past week amounted to 10,000 bu, and the shipments were 1,981 bu. The visible supply in the country on Feb. 18 amounted to 17,315,248 bu, against 15,391,993 bu at the same date last year. The exports for Europe for the past eight weeks were 3,715,413 bu against 5,750,078 bu for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The visible supply shows a decrease the past week of 672,381 bu. The amount of this grain

held in store here on Saturday last was 37,692 bu, against 5,137 bu at the date in 1881. There has been a weak feeling the past week in the market, and No. 3 is now nominal at 61 to 61 1/2¢ per bu, and rejected at 59 to 60¢. The mild weather, a light demand for export, and an increase in the stocks in sight, have combined to weaken the market, and there is no disposition at present to take many chances in the future. Buyers aim to meet immediate wants, expecting the early advent of spring will enable them to purchase later on more favorable terms. In Chicago, towards the close of the week the market showed an improvement, cash being quoted at 57 to 58¢ per bu, against 56 to 57¢ last week. In future, closing quotations were 57¢ for Feb. 18, 57¢ for March, 62¢ to 63¢ for May and 62¢ to 63¢ for June. The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 54 1/2¢, against 61 1/2¢ one week ago.

Oats were received here the past week to the amount of 6,631 bu, and the shipments were only 805 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country on Feb. 18 was 2,811,383 bu against 3,433,000 bu at the corresponding date last year. The stocks held in store here on Saturday were 21,398 bu, against 2,490 bu at the corresponding date in 1881. There is little movement in the market, but prices seem to keep up pretty well. No. 1 white sells at 49¢ per bu, about 2¢ below the highest points reached; No. 2 white are worth about 46¢, and No. 1 mixed 45 to 45¢. In Chicago the market is quoted steady at 42¢ per bu, for No. 1 mixed spot, 40¢ for Feb. 18, and 40¢ for March. It would appear from this that dealers do not look for higher prices than those now ruling.

HOPS AND BARLEY.

The hop market remains in the quiet and featureless condition of the past six weeks. Few are moving in this market, and quotations are nominal at 25 to 27¢ for good to extra stock in store. From first hands they range from 21 to 23¢ per lb. The English markets are quoted steady and unchanged, with the demand for Americans hardly so active as some weeks ago. The New York market is very quiet, with quotations nominally unchanged.

The live stock market is as follows:

	White	No. 1	No. 2	No. 2	Ired.
Feb. 1	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
3	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
4	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
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13	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
14	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
15	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
16	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
17	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2	1 26 1/2
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FEBRUARY 28, 1882.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

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Poetry.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW.

Across in my neighbor's window
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see 'neath its flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet, in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the face of the sun,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his little weeny feet,
And kiss the tiny toes,
In his limbs so round and sweet—
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that the God with whom they
From mine so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin,
As they carried it out to day.
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

MARCH.

Ah! early March! you've come again,
With sleet and snow, and hail and rain.
Cold earth beneath, dark sky above you—
What have you, pray, to make us love you?
No month is half so rough as you;
December winds less harshly blow.
What churlish ways! What storm-tossed tresses!
Your presence every one distresses.
Haste! Haste away! We longing wait
To greet fair April at your gate.
Cold earth beneath, dark sky above you—
Surely you've taught us to make love you!

"Ahi see these blossoms!" he replied,
Tossing his tall-torn cloak aside.
"Though other months have flowers a-many,
Say—not mine as fair as you?"
Feel peeping from each dusky fold,
The crocus, with its cup of gold;
Violas, snowdrops, white and silvery;
Sweeter than any summer lily!
And underneath the old oak leaves
Her fragrant wreath the arbutus weaves.
Whatever sky may be above me,
Surely for these all hearts will love me!"

Miscellaneous.

THE THEFT OF THE STAYS.

"Hal knows a good story."
It was little Buddlestone, the Ensign, who spoke. There were about half a dozen of us sitting together on the deck of the troopship *Leviticus*. We were returning home from the Cape, and used to collect here in the cool of the evening, with pipes and glasses, and amuse each other by telling stories. A great many stories were told during the pleasant voyage home, we being idle and without cares, and the circumstances and conditions of our twilight symposium stimulating to the inventive faculties. It followed, as an incidental, if not a necessary result, that many of the stories were legendary, the element of truth being, I regret to say, less highly prized than that of ingenuity in the matter of a racy plot and a satisfactory finale. The story which follows has no plot to speak of, and it is for the reader to say whether the finale is satisfactory or the reverse; but good or bad, it forms an exception to the majority of those which were related on the deck of the *Leviticus*, in that it has a foundation in fact.

"Hal knows a good story," said little Buddlestone, commonly called Buddy, as he squatted on the deck, with his comical tump figure and comical big head, puffing tremendously at a short clay pipe.

"What's it about?" said the captain, who fingered his cigarette in a delicate manner.

"It's about stays, isn't it, Hal?" said Buddy.

"Don't Buddy; now, don't," pleaded Harold, Lieutenant Harold, who was handsome and shy, and never liked to be called on for a story. "Not that story; I'll tell you another quite as good."

"Stays or nothing, old man," persisted Buddy, and a peremptory chorus of "Stays or nothing, old man" rose on the still night air.

"But it would distress me to tell that story," again urged Harold. "I wouldn't have it repeated for the world; the lady is my sister's great friend. She is married now; she mightn't like it."

"All good men and true here," put in the captain. "Change the names, and there's no harm done."

"We'll be mute, we swear!" said Buddy; and the chorus went up: "We will be mute, we swear!"

"Well, then," began the lieutenant, sadly but resignedly, "to commence with, the widow was the sweetest widow that ever lived."

An inarticulate hum of content rose from the group of listeners; and Buddy filled his pipe, closed his eyes with an air of pleased expectancy, and murmured, in a soft, parenthesis manner, as he stretched his inconsiderable length upon the deck: "All widows are jam."

"I knew her intimately," pursued Harold.

Buddy took the ebonized clay from between his lips, winked at it solemnly, and replaced it.

"I visited her frequently at her house; she gave the pleasantest little parties in the world—bachelor's parties mostly, but sometimes they were of both sexes, and very often," continued Harold, hurriedly, for the captain was shaking his forefinger at the whisky bottle; "and very often

men took their wives with them. There were little meetings for supper after the theatre, when we smoked cigarettes, and played quiet rubbers, and sang quiet songs, and told quiet stories, and were all very pleasant, and quiet."

"And quiet," said Buddy, in a soothing tone to his buddy; "they were pleasant, and quiet."

"She lived in the west end of the town—it might have been in Bayswater, it might have been Kensington, that doesn't matter to you fellows—in a small exquisitely furnished house, with nice books and dainty pictures; and she was the sweetest little widow that ever lived."

"Give a name to this widow," said Buddy, "that we may breathe it tenderly, when night falls gently on the silver sea."

"I will give to the lady," said Harold, "the name of Cronin. One day, he went on, "I called at her house to arrange some details connected with a subscription she was getting up in aid of a poor chorister at the opera. Mrs. Cronin was not at home; but the maid said she would return shortly, if I liked to step in and wait. The maid knew me well, of course."

"She knew him well," said Buddy softly.

"I went in, and was shown up into the little drawing room on the first floor. How well I remember that room! What a snuggy it was! Flowers everywhere, and the light falling pleasantly through the Indian curtains; and an alcove, behind which you heard the cool drip of a miniature fountain; and the newest magazines and the last book of poems on the little table by the fireplace. I waited, but she did not come. I rang the bell, and the servant (what neat servants she always had) assured me that her mistress must return in a moment. I waited, but she came not, and I must go. I looked about for pen and paper to write a line, and crossed the room to the escritoire that stood beside the sofa. Something peeping out from the pillow of the sofa caught my eye. I looked at it curiously, and retreated a step. I looked at it eagerly, and went two steps nearer. Could it be? No, it could not and yet it must be! It should be, and it should not be. It is not. Is it? I caught at the silken strings that hung over the edge of the sofa; I gave it a twitch, and I held dangling in my hand a pair of stays!"

"Go slow, Hal; go slow, if you love me," said Buddy, in an excited tone.

"I tell you," said the lieutenant, his feelings also rising, "I tell you that I held in my hand a pair of stays. How shall I describe them, for I had seen no such things before?"

"Buddy put his hand to his mouth and coughed; and Smith, the other ensign, gulped and swallowed his smoke.

"I cannot adequately describe them, and yet I see them now. Have you fellows ever seen any stays? You never saw stays like these; there is not such another pair in the world. Divine things, I see you now! Satin stays, of heaven's own hue, touched here and there with knots of a darker shade. I am not naturally eloquent; but I said eloquent things while I held those stays. My fingers trembled as I touched the curved sides, which had been moulded to a form that Hebe would have envied. I took them gently, I caressed them, I believe I touched them with my lips. Gentleman; I was 19 and was my first love; it was a moment of sore temptation."

"Ay, of sore temptation!" said Buddy sympathetically.

"I don't know how long I stood there with those dear things in my hand, but the striking of the clock reminded me that I was too late to keep an appointment that I had elsewhere. Scarcely knowing what I did, I secreted my prize under my coat, and, leaving no message, and dreading to meet the maid on the stairs or in the passage, I ran down quickly, caught up hat and stick, let myself out of the door, and bolted for my chambers. I had the little sky-blue treasure under my coat, and I pressed it closely to me as I ran, rather than walked, through the streets to my rooms in the neighborhood of Piccadilly. Arrived there, I locked the door and took off the stays. As I looked at them I felt more like a poet than I have ever done before or ever done since. They would have inspired a hermit or a director of a railroad company; and they inspired me, though not in verse. A mad suggestion came to me to measure that precious girlie. I knew that though the widow's form was of enchanting fullness, her waist was slender as a girl's; but something tempted me to know its size in inches. I laid a tape measure across the satin, placing my finger in the centre to hold it. Hal! what is this? A tiny oil-skin bag, fastened on the inner side, just at the spot where Hebe's tender heart should throb, and something inclosed in it. Another mad suggestion, a penknife, a hasty slit in the oilskin, and out dropped a Bank of England note for £20."

The bells sounded for change in the watch. It was a summer's night of delicious coolness. The still waters of the sea shone with a soft and soothed radiance, and behind us was a phosphorescent glow. Although we were sailing many knots an hour, we knew not the motion of the vessel; we might be lying at anchor in some silly bay.

Buddy replenished his own and the other glasses, and suggested that the break which the lieutenant had involuntarily made in his story offered a favorite opportunity for a moment's meditation on the extravagance of youth.

After a pause the lieutenant proceeded with his story.

"For a few moments," said Harold, "my mind seemed to cease working. I did not know in the least where I was or what I had done; I had no power of thought. Then I roused myself, and the first distinct notion that crossed my mind was that I was an idiot. My rashness had placed me in a fit from which for a moment I did not understand how I should escape. It was clear that I had stolen also Mrs. Cronin's stays, and equally clear that in stealing the stays I had stolen also a bank note for £20. Then the comical element in the situation asserted itself, and I wanted

to laugh. But I checked myself, for I seemed on a sudden to see the merry mocking face of the widow, and my own merriment was converted into shame, as I heard in fancy the ringing laugh of Mrs. Cronin. I should have to carry those stays right back again and confess my sentimental folly to the lady, and she would laugh at me for the rest of my days."

Even then, as he told the story, the lieutenant was overcome by the memory of his humiliation; and Buddy, observing his downcast and sorrowful looks, pushed the bottle toward him in mute sympathy.

"Mrs. Cronin, with true womanly tact, turned to Mary and told her she might run to the police station and tell them to take no further steps in the matter for the present.

"Now, Hal," she said, when Mary had reluctantly closed the door behind her, "are those stays?"

"Mrs. Cronin," I said, "the stays are locked in a cupboard in my room."

"Good gracious, child, what are they doing there?"

"And then, in weak and faltering tones, I began my confession.

"Begun, I say, for I had scarcely hinted how, on discovering the stays, I had in an instant loved them for their mistress' sake, and borne them away, not knowing what I did, before the blue eyes of Mrs. Cronin commenced to sparkle, and the corners of her sweet mouth to quiver, and the whole of her dainty form to tremble in an effort to keep down the laughter that was coming. And then it came. She laughed. It was not her face only that laughed; she laughed all over."

"Go away, both of you," she said. "I shall break in pieces; Hal, you'll kill me. Make me stop laughing, or I shall be dead in five minutes."

"And then when she had gained a moment's self-control, she said:

"But Hal, those weren't my stays at all."

"And then she began again, and Tom after her. I never saw anybody laugh until then."

"Not yours, Mrs. Cronin?" I gasped; "not your stays?"

"Not mine a bit, Hal. They were Mary's. I gave them to her. I never wore them once. O, Tom, don't, can't you stop? Did you kiss them, Hal? I'm very sorry, but I must laugh; it's too funny. What did you say was the color of those stays, Hal? Poor Hal rhapsodizing over Mary's stays!"

"I thought Mrs. Cronin would have done herself an injury. In between the fits she went on again:

"Mary was stitching in the thing this morning in this room, where she had no business to be—the piano man came—she hid them hurriedly under the seat somewhere, where you found them—Tom, there's my vinaigrette behind you."

And Hal said no more; and we all sat silent and felt for him.

By-and-by Buddy said:

"Is that widow still a widow?"

"No," said Hal sadly; "she married the Honorable Tom six months afterward."

And Hal sighed; and we all sighed with Hal.

"The day is breaking," presently said the captain; and we went below.—*Tinsley's*

innocent piano tuner, who was here ten minutes before Hal came this morning. But surely we need have no more mystery now. Here is Hal; he will explain."

"Yes, Mrs. Cronin," I said, "I think I can explain," and I told all at Mary, for I could not tell my wretched story while she stood there to help in the laughing.

"Mrs. Cronin, with true womanly tact, turned to Mary and told her she might run to the police station and tell them to take no further steps in the matter for the present.

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High Players and Livers.

When Mme. de Maintenon asked the "grand monarque" (Louis XIV) for money for the poor, he replied: "A king gives alms by spending a great deal" ("Un roi fait laumons en dépensant beaucoup"). If this was charity, the financiers of his time were equally charitable. Bretonville, a farmer receiver general, had a hotel so splendidly furnished that it was an object of curiosity to strangers. His income was computed at £120,000 a year. Fouquet's country house at Vaux was a foreshadowing of Versailles. He spent 9,000,000 livres (Colbert said 18,000,000) upon it, and razed three villages to the ground to round off the domain. The lead used for the pipes to supply the fountains and the images was sold by a subsequent proprietor for 500,000 livres. The banquet at this place cost 120,000 livres.

The service, comprising 36 dozen plates, was of gold. The impudence of the display amounted to fatuity, and not content with rivaling his young sovereign in magnificence, he pursued to rival him in love. An object that fixed the royal gaze in going over the chateau was a miniature of Mme. La Vallière. The arrest of Fouquet was a foregone conclusion before the entertainment began, and when his accounts were examined they showed that his personal expenses had annually amounted to many million of livres, without reckoning donations to lords and ladies about the court. It was the policy of Louis XIV. to encourage extravagance.

"The best mode of pleasing him," says St. Simon, "was to go in for it in dress, in table, in equipage, in play. He thereby little by little reduced everybody to depend upon him for subsistence." The prince and nobles fell into the trap. When Conde gave the grand entertainment at Chantilly, immortalized by the death of Vatel, his debts amounted to 8,000,000 livres, including a tailor's bill of 300,000. The entertainment cost 180,000 livres; there is an item of 3,000 crowns for jousts. The rage for play required no encouragement. It was as high as it could be during the king's minority, when we are told of Hervart, Mazarin's banker, losing 100,000 crowns at a sitting. It was the proper thing to play in Louis d'Or. Rohan, not having enough to make up a sum, offered 200 pistoles to the young king, who refused to receive them.

"Since your majesty will have none of them," exclaimed Rohan, "they are good for nothing," and he threw the whole of them out of the window. Further on in the reign "le jeu de la Montespan" became proverbial. The favorite was known to win or lose more than 70,000 crowns in a night, and the king as well as the lady grew angry when her stakes were so high that the courtiers refused to close with them.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice, along with commercial information, regular subscribers five. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER. No question will be asked, and the information accepted by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long they have existed, with the age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street Detroit.

EPIZOOTIC DISEASES.

(Continued)

Columella, who flourished about the year 40, speaks of a pestilence occasionally appearing among cattle. It was accompanied, or characterized, by cough and emaciation, and ultimately phthisis. He says: "When this lights upon a herd, you must presently change the climate, and distribute the cattle into several divisions, at a distance from each other, and so separated that not so much as one may come among them that may with the contagion infect the rest. Then a seton must be placed in the ear, formed of a root of the *pulmonaria*, or lungwort. After this there must be administered for several successive days, a half pint of the juice of the leek, and equal quantity of olive oil, and a pint of wine." A tumor is also described by the same author, as appearing on the palate and causing swelling of the tongue and buccal membrane, producing some cough, and interfering with breathing. We have had quite enough of these tumors in the late epizootic among cattle.

Columella describes this character of the disease as frequently dangerous, and the forerunner of absolute pestilence; and so it would be if neglected. He advises the application of heated irons, the seton, already described, to be inserted in the ear; and the juice of the leek mingled with salt, to be administered internally. The most important remedy of all, however, according to this writer, is change of air. A very similar disease appeared in the mouths and on the lips of lambs and goats. He traced it to the youngsters being too soon in the morning suffered to quit the fold. Those that were sucking almost invariably died; those which were weaned had a somewhat better chance. It remedied, and not a bad one, was to mix together equal parts of hyssop, and common salt, and rub the lips well with it, applying afterwards an ointment composed of equal parts of pitch and hogs' lard. From this period to the middle of the fourth century, although there are slight accounts of occasional pestilence, there is nothing of sufficient importance to detain us. Abaythus, a veterinary surgeon in the army of the Emperor of Constantine, wrote a work on the diseases of horses in the year 370. It is valuable on account of the age in which it was written, but is unsatisfactory with regard to the subject on which we are writing. An interesting poem was written on this pestilence by Cæcilius Severus, in the same year. This pestilence took its origin in Hungary, and it was at that early time observed that almost every pestilence that prevailed in Europe either derived its origin from Hungary, or was more violent and destructive there than in any other country. It was in this pestilence that the cows that yielded milk did not die so soon as their calves; showing the kindly power of nature in preserving the mother at least until her little ones were gone. This observation has often been made both in early times and at later periods. Theudder of the mother is a kind of emunctory, by means of which a portion at least of the poisonous matter is removed from the circulation of the animal. This is to a certain degree confirmed by the fact that the insertion of a seton is always to a greater or less extent advantageous. It lessens the virulence of the poison, and relieves, if it does not preserve, the life of the mother. In the year 376 an epizootic raged over the greater part of Europe. Then the practice first commenced of applying the red-hot iron in the form of a cross to the forehead of the beast. By this means the operator was sure to cure one-half of his patients. This wonderful efficacy is more than doubtful, yet the sudden torture of the fire might arouse the sinking powers of the animal, and enable him to weather the storm. At all events, this mystic ceremony became universal, not only in regard to this, but many other maladies of the brute creation, and was sometimes extended to the human being. About this period and during the reign of the Emperor Constantine, there arose among the veterinary surgeons of the army, a laudable desire to understand and subdue the ailments of all the domestic animals. Patronized by the Emperor, Vegetius, Count of Constantinople, did not deem a work on the veterinary art unworthy of him. He composed it at the solicitation of his friends, as an account of the pestilential diseases which had for a considerable time devastated the country, and treating of which, he to a certain extent included diseases of every kind. Although it contains numerous errors, it is the most perfect work on the subject of which antiquity can boast. We perhaps shall wonder a little at the different symptoms and different treatment of some diseases, but there are parts which cannot be improved upon at the present day. Take as an illustration of this, his account of the symptoms of malignant epizootic. "The animal is dull and out of spirits; his flanks heave convulsively; the respiration is unnaturally labored or precipitate; the eyes have lost their expression and the gaze is fixed, the ears are cold; the head is depressed; he has ceased to eat or ruminate; he falls away every day. At its commencement it is difficult sometimes to distinguish this from simple fever. He who would act prudently will separate the animals for fear of communicating the disease to others. At the expiration of one or two days it will be clearly enough seen whether it is an ordinary or malignant fever, and medicine will be administered and care will be taken accordingly." There are, says he, seven or eight kinds of epizootic diseases.

(To be continued.)

Probably Influenza (Pink Eye).

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer:

DEAR SIR—I have a stallion 10 years old, black in color and weighs 1,400 lbs. On Jan. 12th was taken sick by swelling on the inside of right hind leg extending down to gaskin; in two or three hours also sheath and belly (near to front legs) swollen, somewhat, called a farrier, gave physic and washed his leg and belly with wormwood, smartweed and vinegar, also used liniment; appetite poor; constipated, almost impossible to get the movement; water milky; leg painful to touch; holds it up good deal; swelling reduced from belly and leg down below the hock under treatment; ankle somewhat tender and swollen; back tendons contracted; steps on it; carries his foot forward while standing; no perceptible improvement of ankle the last ten days. What shall I do for him. His appetite has improved; feels better all but his ankle. What is the disease? Is it transmissible? Is it hereditary? What can be done to prevent it if so?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—If your animal has received no injury of the leg to account for the swelling and pain present; (a condition which does not appear clear in our mind,) the probability is, that he is laboring under some of the many complications of typhoid influenza (Pink eye), as it has prevailed during the last six months. It is extremely difficult for us to prescribe correctly for such a case without seeing the animal. The peculiar condition of the pulse alone in such complications is an unerring guide, together with the respiration, appearance of the membranes of the eye, nose and mouth, and are all necessary to determine our course of treatment. One of the peculiarities of this disease, as it now exists, is the sudden swelling of one leg only, the animal acting as though severely injured. It is sometimes one front leg which swells, but often the off hind one. When one leg only is swollen it is usually attended by great pain, as in acute inflammation; but when all four of the legs are swollen there usually is no pain manifested upon pressure of the parts, and the case is not so dangerous, as when one leg only is affected. Usually accompanying this condition, presuming it to be one of the complications of the disease in question, we usually find a torpid pulse, loss of appetite, membranes of the nose and eyes much reddened, membrane of the mouth pale, yellow, or sometimes presenting a bluish cast; with much debility, to what extent is observable in the animal's gait, sometimes so great that the animal cannot raise its feet when walking but drags the toes on the ground; this action is sometimes confined to the hind limbs only; respiration but little disturbed, heart frequently pulsating violently, respiration usually but little disturbed, except where the lungs are involved; in which case cough and discharge from the nose are usually accompanying symptoms. It is not good policy to purge the animal, in any of the complications which may exist, as such a course increases rather than relieves the debility, besides lessening our chances of recovery. We will prescribe for this animal the following: Sulphate of iron pulverized, 1 oz.; Sotocrine aloes pulverized, 2 oz., nitrate of potassa, pulverized 3 oz.; gentian root pulp, 3 oz.; Jamaica ginger root pulp, 1 1/2 oz., mix all together, and divide into twelve powders, give one night and morning, on the tongue, or if the animal's appetite returns dampen the feed and mix the powders in it. Use upon the leg the following liniment, soap liniment, 8 oz.; aqua ammonia, 2 oz.; tincture of opium, 2 oz.; water, 6 oz.; mix all together and use twice a day. Or what is better and cheaper, Prof. R. Jennings' veterinary liniment. If your druggist don't keep it, ask him to send for it.

Roaring and Probably Seirrhous Cord.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer,

DEAR SIR—I have a valuable animal, imported French Norman stallion, six years old, that has engendered quite a serious affection of the throat and glands, commonly called roaring, being the result of influenza, which the animal suffered with being transported from the old country about three years ago. There is slight enlargement of the parotid glands down, just at the angle of the jaw. There is no cough, and the breathing is perfectly natural, except when he curbs his neck, which he does very much when speeded, then he is badly put to it for breath, with a wheezing sound in his throat which appears quite distressing. Have blistered the throat once or twice, which seemed to give relief during its action. He was also fevered; it did not good; now just as bad as ever. Is there any prospect for a radical cure or of receiving much benefit? If so, would be pleased to know regardless of expense. I would also be pleased to have your opinion with regard to another case, a gelding eight years old had a discharge from the sheath and urethra, don't know which is, for about eight weeks. The discharge is whitish, like a leek, and very offensive. The sheath was very foul and somewhat ulcerated and considerably swollen, but by cleansing and using an astringent wash, the soreness and swelling has all gone out of the sheath, but the discharge has not wholly subsided. As the water was of a dirty appearance, I gave a prescription compound of copaiva, nitrous ether, muriatic tincture of iron, and muriate, since which the water is much improved in color, and the offensive discharge diminished. Instead of a continual discharge as before, it only discharges at night or when the horse lies down; but during the day a lump about the size of a walnut will form well back in the sheath, which can be felt from the outside about four inches from the groin underneath. At night it will disappear, or when there is a free discharge from the sheath; the animal is not lame.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the Burlingame route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

proper treatment of diseases of the air passages, such as bronchitis, laryngitis, etc. The disease in your horse having become chronic, we are sorry to say there is no remedy for it. In regard to your second animal, your description is rather obscure. If you cannot determine whether the discharge is from the sheath or from the urethra, we would possess extraordinary powers to enable us to do so in the absence of the animal. It is important for us to know from whence the discharge comes in order to diagnose the disease. But as you cannot assist us, we will call our imagination powers into play. If the discharge is from the sheath we may have a fistula formed there in consequence of some injury, and it must be treated as such. Or it may arise from a scirrous spermatic cord, the result of injury in castrating. Several such cases have recently been noticed in these columns; the indurated portion of the cord should be removed by means of the castrating escraser. If the discharge is from the urethra, it indicates inflammation of its lining membrane or of the bladder. In either of the above cases the services of a veterinary surgeon will be necessary, as either must be treated with a full understanding of the diseased condition and the proper means of cure, which, under the circumstances we are unable to give.

CITY ITEMS.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE COMPLIMENT.—The Grand Rapids business college is 17 years old. Prof. C. G. Swensberg enjoys the reputation of standing at the head of one of the best commercial educational institutions in this country.—*Lowell Journal*.

COL. BEARD delivered his lecture, "Humorous Incidents of the War," for the benefit of Fairbanks Post, No. 17, G. A. R., last Friday evening. The colonel was greeted with a good audience, and the lecture proved highly entertaining.

"In" birthday of the father of our country was celebrated in this city by a turn out of the military companies, the closing of the City, County and United States offices and the banks. The balance of the community, outside of the Board of Trade which adjourned for the day, went on with their business as usual.

SOME of our farmer friends may not understand that there is a city ordinance against offering diseased animals for sale in this city, and that there is an inspector who is always at his post attending to his duties. On Saturday last there was a consignment of 56 sheep arrived at the Central Yards, on all of which a very bad case of scab had developed. They were purchased by a party in the city, and were killed for their pelts; the Inspector being present, condemned the carcasses as soon as they were slaughtered.

"M QUAD" of the *Free Press*, is now busily engaged in fighting the battles of the late war over again. He has succeeded in making the confederates wlop the federales in every engagement so far, although according to his account the federales were always in overwhelming large numbers. From this animal he must be getting near Appotomac, and we are watching with a great deal of interest to see how he will account for the collapse of the Confederacy, and do it in such a way as to make it appear to the rebels that it was really a victory.

A CARD

During the next six months there will be a large number of people out of employment on account of the drought; in some parts of the country there is a great deal of suffering. There are plenty of men and women in this country, who, if some friend would put them in the way of earning two or three hundred dollars during the winter months, would be grateful for a life time. A large Manufacturing Company in New York are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a new business. The business is honorable and legitimate (no peddling or book canvassing), \$50 per month and expenses paid. So, if you are out of employment, send your name and address once to the Wallace Co., 60 Warren St., New York.

The *Household and Farm* in its issue of October says: "The offer made by this company (who are one of the most reliable in this city) is the best ever made to the unemployed."

The Wallace Co. make a special offer to readers of this paper who will write them at once, and who can give good references.

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with feet so bad it did not good; now just as bad as ever. Is there any prospect for a radical cure or of receiving much benefit? If so, would be pleased to know regardless of expense. I would also be pleased to have your opinion with regard to another case, a gelding eight years old had a discharge from the sheath and urethra, don't know which is, for about eight weeks. The discharge is whitish, like a leek, and very offensive. The sheath was very foul and somewhat ulcerated and considerably swollen, but by cleansing and using an astringent wash, the soreness and swelling has all gone out of the sheath, but the discharge has not wholly subsided.

As the water was of a dirty appearance, I gave a prescription compound of copaiva, nitrous ether, muriatic tincture of iron, and muriate, since which the water is much improved in color, and the offensive discharge diminished. Instead of a continual discharge as before, it only discharges at night or when the horse lies down; but during the day a lump about the size of a walnut will form well back in the sheath, which can be felt from the outside about four inches from the groin underneath.

At night it will disappear, or when there is a free discharge from the sheath; the animal is not lame.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special inducements are offered you by the Burlingame route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

COMMERCIAL

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

TUESDAY, Feb. 28, 1882.

Flour.—Receipts of flour for the week, 10,594 bushels; shipments, 5,673 bushels. The market is quiet but maintains a pretty steady position. Since the decline in prices of wheat shipments have been lighter, but as stocks are not large this has not weakened the market to any great extent. Quotations are as follows:

Good wheat, roller process..... 67 50¢

Fancy white wheat, country..... 66 50¢

2nd choice..... 65 50¢

3rd choice..... 64 50¢

Minnesota patent..... 63 50¢

Rye..... 60 50¢

Wheat.—The receipts of wheat for the week have been 27,434 bushels, against 27,769 bushels in the previous week. The market is lower and weaker than a week ago, with the prospects unfavorable for the selling interest. While every day brings more strongly to light the poor quality and light yield of the crop of this country, it also shows that the surplus stocks of wheat growing countries are still large. Hence the market is quiet but maintains a pretty steady position. Since the decline in prices of wheat shipments have been lighter, but as stocks are not large this has not weakened the market to any great extent. Quotations are as follows:

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Rye..... 60 50¢

Barley.—Market very dull. Maltsters are said to have fair stocks, and are not willing to offer over \$20@20 for the best samples.

Rye.—Very little being received. Market quiet at \$20@20 per bushel.

Corn Meal.—Fresh ground is quoted at \$20 per ton for fine and \$28 for coarse.

Buckwheat Flour.—Market inactive, and quotations are \$5 per bushel.

Butter.—The market continues to exhibit demand tendencies. Fine roll butter for table use is wanted at 30¢, and even offerings at 31¢ are not reduced where quality is perfectly satisfactory. The demand for lots of good quality is very active, and buyers do not consider long over price where the stock is good. The oligomeric factors are "butter," "butter," and "butter" seller is selling in larger quantities at prices advance. There is a great deal of buyer's advance of butter.

Cheese.—Market quiet at unchanged rates, namely 14 1/2¢@15¢ per lb. for cheese stock.

Clover Seed.—Market quiet and steady. Prime seed at \$4.00@4.50 in small lots.

Beans.—The market is higher. City picked are now held at \$3.00@3.05, and unpicked at \$2.75@3.00.

Apples.—The market is firm, and a fair home demand exists for good fruit. Choice apples command \$4.00@4.50 in small lots.

Beans.—The market is higher. City picked are now held at \$3.00@3.05, and unpicked at \$2.75@3.00.

Apples.—Invoices of fruit quoted at \$20@22¢ in stock it is held at \$20@22¢.

Eggs.—Demand fair and the market is firm at 18¢. Strictly fresh eggs sell readily. Receipts are showing an improvement.

Dressed Hogs.—Good clean hogs bring 89 per hundred, and are scarce at that.

Dried Apples.—The market is very dull, with holders quoting at \$6.00@5.50 for new fruit; evaporated apples, 12¢@13¢. Peaches 20¢@23¢ per lb.

Potatoes.—There is an unchanged market for good potatoes, and price still rule at \$1.07@1.10 per bushel by the carload, and \$1.15@1.25 in small quantities.

Honey.—Choice new comb is dull at 18¢@20¢ per lb. Old is selling at 16¢.

Onions.—Market dull at \$27@28 per bushel.

Hay.—Firm; dock rates for baled hay about \$18@18 1/2 for choice timothy.

Poultry.—The market is higher. City picked are now held at \$1.15@1.20 per lb.

Wood—Firm; rates for wood delivered are \$20@22@23 per bushel for hickory and \$18@19 per bushel for beech and maple.

Provisions.—Pork is a little weaker, and most sales at outside figures. Lard is also lower. Smoked ham and cured ham are offered at a price of 10¢ per pound.

Meat.—Choice fresh ham is dull at 18¢@20¢ per lb.

Lamb.—Offerings of lamb are few, and are offered at 18¢@20¢ per lb.

Beef.—Offerings of beef are few, and are offered at 18¢@20¢ per lb.

Pork.—Offerings of pork are few, and are offered at 18¢@20¢ per lb.

Butter.—Offerings of butter are few, and are offered at 18¢@20¢ per lb.

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